

AMERICANS NOT TO LEAVE CUBA

Beautiful Island Always to Remain in This Nation's Hands.

TO GIVE ANOTHER DOLL OF SAWDUST

But Cubans Well Know Now How to Let the Sawdust Out and Find Behind the Stable and Powerful United States Government.

By WALTER EDWARD HARRIS.
[Special From a Staff Correspondent.]
HAVANA, CUBA, December 22.—Americans in Cuba do not believe there will ever be a permanent withdrawal of American troops from the island. Spanish residents openly express the same opinion. In this a considerable portion of the native population agrees.

American residents, Spaniards and the substantial class of Cubans are all in hope that the stars and stripes will "stay put" in Cuba. The great majority of Cubans, however, undoubtedly desire to see the American government drop the island and allow the Cubans to make another effort to govern themselves. But no serious-minded man, so far as I can ascertain, believes there is more than a bare chance that the United States will lay down the burden of governing Cuba, except possibly, for a brief period, at the end of which it will again have been demonstrated that the Cuban people are not capable of self-government.

"The republic of Cuba is dead," said a retired American army officer to me today. He is now practicing law in Havana, in which he has been engaged for several years. "There is no Cuban government," he continued. "The Cuban republic has passed away. It is a case of death, not of suspended animation. The present government is American."

"Yes, I believe the American troops will be withdrawn from the island, and that Governor Mason will sail for home, after turning over a new government to the Cubans. But about the time the Governor and the troops land in the United States they will start back. Trouble will break out again."

The Sawdust Doll.

"President Roosevelt and his advisers may give these people another doll. But, thank God, the American people have learned how to let the sawdust out of it."

The remark was not at all mysterious. The case with which a revolution may be started in Cuba, and the promptness with which the President may send an army and bring about order and quiet, were somewhat in the nature of revelations, even to Americans resident in Cuba. They are not uneasy any more. They have, in truth, found a new way of letting the sawdust out of the doll.

The Cuban government was never taken seriously by Americans living in Cuba. It was never one to command the respect of people used to a strong and stable administration. The methods of administration caused the Spaniards, and even the more substantial of the Cubans, to lose whatever respect they had for their government and confidence in its stability.

There may be a new republic of Cuba resting upon a lasting foundation—not in our time.

Americans at home have not learned the truth about Cuba and the Cubans. The island, its people, its government. They have learned a great deal about them in the course of the past ten years, but the greater portion of the knowledge acquired was incorrect. Americans have judged Cubans by American standards. It is true, but judgment has been passed without correct knowledge of Cuban character.

The average Cuban has not the faintest conception of the duties of citizenship as such duties are universally conceived in America. He has not that conception of the objects of government and the duties of those charged with the administration of public affairs which obtain among all classes in English-speaking countries.

The average Cuban does not realize that he owes any duty to his government. He can scarcely realize that his government owes any duty to him other than to give him opportunity to live at the expense of the public treasury.

He is justified in exercising every vestige of power conferred by his office in retaining that office, even though he is discharging its duties solely in the interest of himself and the party which put him in power. These who would attain to a correct view of Cuban conditions should realize, first of all, this most obvious and all-important fact:

The Cuban does not recognize the right of the minority to rule, nor does he regard the minority as possessing a solitary right which the majority is bound to respect. To the average Cuban Edmund Burke's splendidly defiant assertion of the rights of the minority in government is meaningless as a nonsense rhyme written in Volapuk.

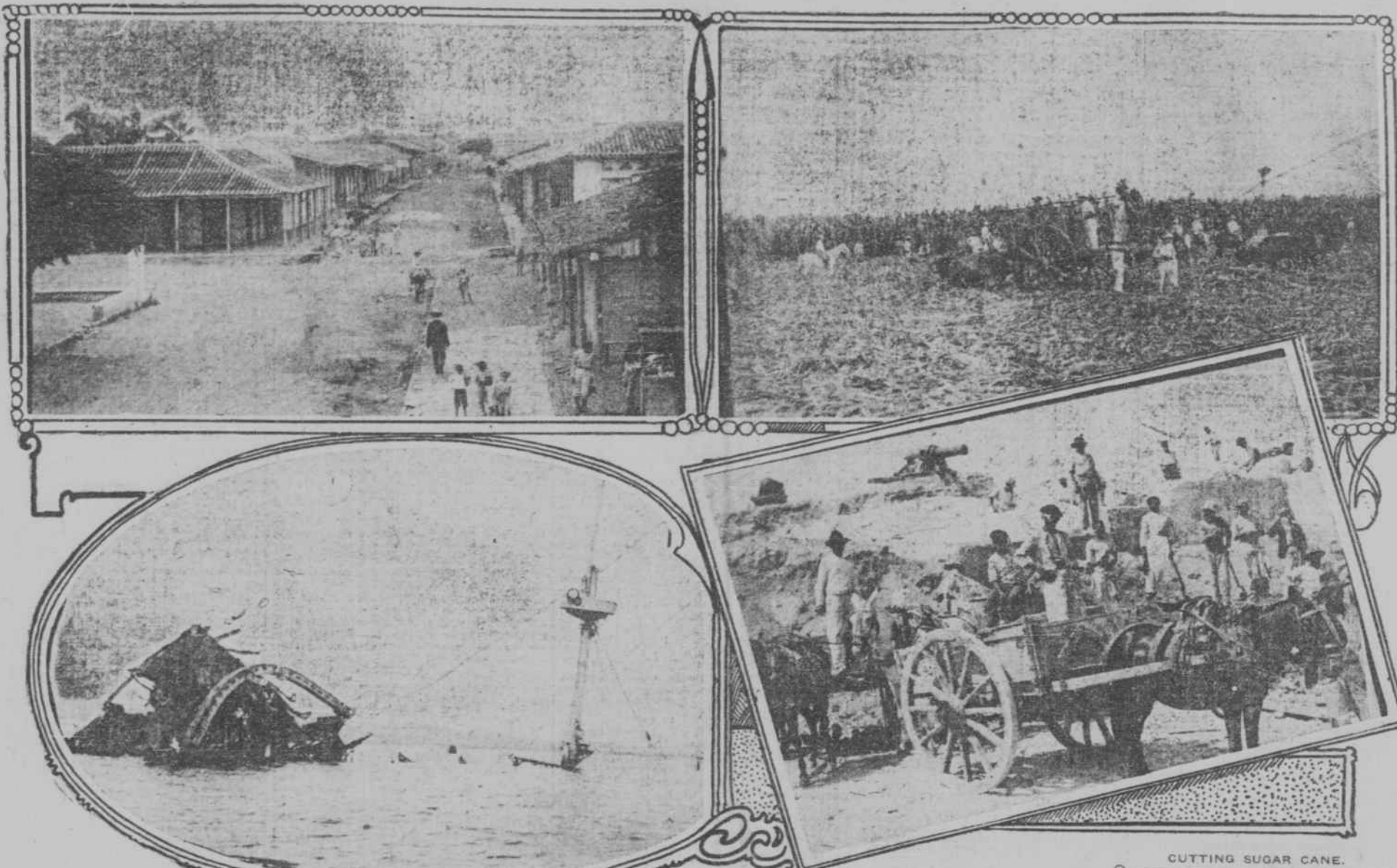
Opposed to Palma.

There can be no doubt that a majority of the people of Cuba were opposed to the re-election of President Palma last year. Had they been allowed to express their opinions at the polls the Palma administration would have been overwhelmingly defeated. But the administration a few days prior to the elections, slipped into the opposition, of Liberal, party, and filled their places with members of the Moderate, or administration, party, thus illustrating the average Cuban official's belief that all the power of his office may justly be used to keep him in that office.

President Palma was re-elected, and

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INTERESTING SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE CUBANS.



THE MAINE AS IT IS TO-DAY.

CRUCES, A TYPICAL CUBAN VILLAGE.

FLURRY OF SNOW HIT BUSY CROWDS

First Real Touch of Christmas Weather Came Yesterday Afternoon.

ALL THE WORLD SHOPPING

Great Hungry Tides of Humanity Surging Up and Down Broad Street.

Building over with mingled feelings of merriment, gladness and anxiety, two incessant tides of humanity beat their opposing ways up and down Broad Street yesterday afternoon and last night, pushing, scrambling, tugging away to get through the crowd; laughing, shouting in sheer joy; some snarling and growling; the greater number in jovial spirits; in short, a howling throng of men, women and children, out on a tour of shopping—at for Christmas. "The maddening crowd's ignoble strife," one might say at first glance; but one soon sees in the anxious, happy faces that the crowd has nothing in it of the ignoble; that somewhere beneath the babel of sound and screaming voices beat kindly, sympathetic hearts, all in search of some little memento to give some other for the sake of the gay Yuletide.

All the world and his wife are out on the long, weary chase, and hours and hours are passed away going from one shop to another, buying this and that, other thing, looking at and wishing for all things, spending money like princes, yet still going in lack of something which they cannot find, bustling, bustling, hurrying, until the hugging feet grow wet and weary; and, at last, hunched and silent, they turn back to their homes, from the last door, and down an echoing side street, alive with sound, because it is so silent, lie them home.

To-day every soul is thankful that rest will come before the wildest, most trying, most anxious day of all—Christmas Eve—when the last round is to be made, the last sprig of mistletoe hung in the doorway, the last touches put on the turkey, and, finally, the death of night, father and mother creep silently forth, and with noiseless tread, go down the line of empty stockings.

This sacred, heart-given duty performed, rest is found again; the last prayer is said; and then the hush of peace and sweet content falls upon the dreaming household.

The First Harbinger.

Yesterday really began to take on a Christmas aspect—the first day when such has been the case. The air was sharp and cutting, just enough to make the blood go tingling and coursing through one's veins, and toward nightfall a light snow began to fall. It was had as a true harbinger of Christmas, for there's never a Yuletide complete without a mantle of snow to hide the sombre gloom of nature in her sleep.

Many a happy youngster went to bed last night with a prayer on his lips that he might awake and see without his case, moment window a world of whiteness greeting his early glance.

As the snow began to fall, the crowd shivered a moment; then wrapping closer their furs and coats around them, proceeded on the long chase with a zeal renewed and more inspiring. The shops

CAGE DROPPED; SIX ARE KILLED

Fearful Tragedy Occurred in Shaft of Breese-Trenton Coal Mines.

MINER'S BODY CUT IN TWO

Henry Dalt Escaped Death by Miscounting Men in the Cage.

ST. LOUIS, MO., December 22.—One miner is known to have been killed, five others are believed to be dead, and another was seriously injured by the dropping of the cage to-day in the shaft of the Breese-Trenton Coal Mining Company, about ten miles west of Cayle, Ill. Cayle is forty-eight miles east of St. Louis.

The accident occurred as a cage carrying six miners was descending. The cage had descended 200 feet down the shaft when it struck a rock, and crashed, and then crashed to the bottom, with a noise like an explosion.

It is known that August Poppey is the man who was killed. He was a native of Germany, and was married. He was a father of three children. He was a good worker, and was well liked by his fellow miners.

ANSWERS DESCRIPTION OF JOHN HENRY BARTLEY

OSBORN'S GAP, VA., December 22.—News has been received here in effect that a man has been arrested at Charleston, W. Va., whose personal description answers to that of John Henry Bartley, who is wanted in Dickenson county, for the murder of Sheriff William P. Stanley, two or three years ago. The man is believed to be the same who was arrested at Charleston, W. Va., and is now being held at the local jail.

REMOVAL PLANS ARE ABANDONED

Jefferson Davis Monument Will Stand for the Present, So It Is Decided.

NOT BE FINISHED IN TIME

This Announcement Made Yesterday—Mater Goes Over Until After Unveiling.

There was a meeting yesterday afternoon at the Chamber of Commerce of the city, at which the removal of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association and others to consider the proposed removal of the monument from Franklin and Cedar Streets to the Boulevard and Franklin Street. There were present of the building committee Mr. Joseph Bryan, chairman; Judge George L. Christian, Mr. Edgar D. Taylor, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Mrs. E. D. Taylor and Mrs. B. A. Hume. There were also present Mr. John S. Elliott, treasurer; Mr. W. C. Noland, of Noland and Buskirk, architects, who have the contract for the construction of the monument; Colonel W. E. Catshaw, Mr. A. Beirne Blair and Mr. Albin Netherwood, the subcontractor for the stonework of the monument.

After considerable discussion the whole matter was brought to an abrupt termination by the announcement by Mr. Noland that as architect he could not recommend the ladies to attempt to make the change with the expectation of having the work ready for unveiling on the 3d of June, and as contractor he would not undertake to do it.

BABY PUTS POISON IN MOTHER'S CUP

Three-Year-Old Lad Drops Antiseptic Tablets in Glass of Salts With Fatal Results.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
ROANOK, VA., December 22.—Mrs. Kate Oberheim, wife of Freeman J. F. Oberheim, on the Norfolk and Western, died this morning at 2 o'clock, as the result of her three-year-old boy mixing six antiseptic tablets in a glass of salts. The mother had prepared the salts, and while she was in the kitchen preparing a lunch for her husband, the little boy climbed up in a chair and poured the tablets into the glass. An hour later, when she took the salts, she had dissolved. She was seized with intense pain in her stomach, and then, when the child was interrogated, he told of "mixing medicine like mother did." Physicians were called in, but nothing could be done for the unfortunate woman, who had taken enough poison to kill sixty men. She is survived by her husband and three children, the youngest only eleven days old. She was a Miss Phlogar, of Fluvanna county, and twenty-three years of age.

COUNT IGNATIEFF IS ASSASSINATED

Ex-Governor-General of Kiev Shot Down by Unknown Man.

"I DID WHAT I CAME TO DO"

Murderer Attempted to Kill Himself, But Failed and Was Captured.

TVER, RUSSIA, December 22.—Count Alexis Ignatieff, a member of the Council of the Empire and ex-governor-general of Kiev, Volynia and Podolia, was shot and killed by an unknown man here today in the refreshment room of the hall occupied by the Nobles' Assembly. The assassin fired six bullets from a revolver into his victim's body and then tried to commit suicide, but was seized before he could do so, and is now in the custody of the police.

At the moment of the assassination Count Ignatieff was sitting with other members of the Zemstvo in the refreshment room. The Zemstvo meets in the Nobles' Assembly hall. Suddenly a young man, who had been sitting apart, arose and approaching the count, emptied the contents of a revolver at him.

One of the shots pierced his heart, and the count died almost instantly. The murderer, followed by some members of the zemstvo, fled to an adjoining room, where he turned his revolver, two chambers of which he had reloaded, toward his own breast. One shot missed his body entirely, an other pierced his shoulder. He was then seized, and at the moment his pursuers laid hold of him he shouted: "I did what I came here to do."

A card of admission to the Zemstvo, bearing the name of Kullikoff, was found in the assassin's pocket. His appearance is that of a workman.

DEATH IN IRONS HICKEY'S FATE

Portsmouth Friends of Boilermaker Deeply Angry Over Report of His Treatment.

PLEADED TO SEE WIFE

This Officer Curtly Refused to Allow, and For Glance Threw Man in Irons.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
NORFOLK, VA., December 22.—Friends here of John J. Hickey, a boilermaker in the United States Navy, are wroth over the report that has reached here concerning his death in double irons in the brig of the battleship Ohio, following the refusal of the officer of the deck to grant him leave to see his wife and baby, who were waiting at a gate for him.

Until his enlistment in the navy, two and a half years ago, Hickey lived in Portsmouth, Va. The Ohio is now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. His wife and child had gone there from Portsmouth to see him. Hickey had asked to go to meet his wife and baby at the Sins Street gate. That was last Wednesday, and the time of the meeting was to be 4 o'clock. Before that time Hickey is said to have approached the officer of the deck, Lieut. Commander MacDonald, and, stating the facts, asked two hours' shore leave.

VERDICT OF GUILTY FOR SYLVESTER SASSER

ST. LOUIS, GA., December 22.—The jury in the Sylvester Sasser murder case to-day brought in a verdict of guilty with a recommendation for mercy. This was the second trial of Sasser for the murder of M. L. Parker, of Woodbury, some two years ago. Both victims were the same. Sasser had been in jail in Savannah for many months previous to his trial.

EARL OF DUNMORE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST

NEW YORK, December 22.—The Earl of Dunmore, head of the Christian Scientists in England, who came here a few days ago to pay a brief visit to Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, at Concord, N. H., sailed for home to-day on the steamer St. Louis.

ALDERMAN MAKES STRIKING SPEECH

Tells New England Society that South Stands For State's Rights.

"DIFFERENT PATHS OF DEVELOPMENT"

"As the Struggle for Liberty Takes on New Phases Fate May Bring the Two Sections to Understanding and Sympathy."

STATES' RIGHTS.
"The story of America, in a large way, is the story of imperious sections, reaching up after self-consciousness, and social and industrial unity, and then reacting upon each other, sometimes blindly, sometimes hopefully, to achieve a national unity and a national spirit."

NEW YORK, December 22.—With three governors, two college presidents, an admiral of the United States Navy, a bishop and a distinguished explorer as its principal guests, the New England Society of New York to-night celebrated its one hundred and first anniversary with a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria. The big ballroom of the hotel was decorated with flags and bunting, and immediately behind the chair of President Austin B. Fletcher was a large framed picture of the seal of the society. With President Fletcher sat the following guests:

John McLean, Governor of New Hampshire; Henry Roberts, Governor of Connecticut; William T. Cobb, Governor of Maine; Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, president of the University of Virginia; Dr. E. L. Lathrop, president of Trinity College; the Right Rev. William Lawrence, D. D., bishop of Massachusetts; Captain Robert E. Peary, Rev. Leonard T. Chamberlain, Rear-Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, U. S. N.; George Cabot Lodge, Hon. Russell C. Edmunds, Hon. Stephen General Thomas H. Hubbard, Edward F. Darrell, William Butler Duncan, James Fitzgerald, John Lloyd Thomas, Austin G. Fox, Hart Lyman, Charles W. Meade, "The Coast," "Forefathers' Day," was responded to by Bishop Lawrence.

"Sectionalism and Nationality" was the topic assigned to President Alderman. President Lathrop discussed "The Schools of the Country."

Commander Peary told of "The Farthest North."

When sectionalism is held in mind as a passion, or as a rooted distrust of those who do not live where we do, the word is a sinister word, and expresses an idea against which all the forces of the world are at work; but when we think of it as a historic force, proceeding by distinct, natural conditions, it becomes a fruitful idea, the true meaning of which we have not properly considered.

The story of America, in a large way, is the story of imperious sections, reaching up after self-consciousness, and social and industrial unity, and then reacting upon each other, sometimes blindly, sometimes hopefully, to achieve a national unity and a national spirit.

When one speaks of New England, or the South, or the West, there is instant understanding of what is meant by this sectionalism, which this New England Society in this city of New York emphasizes and idealizes for no other reason than this: that this could have tied together this society in brotherhood and affection for one hundred and one years.

Greetings and Good Will.
I bring this evening the greetings and good will of the Old Dominion and her daughter States, the oldest, the most settled, the most conservative, the most distinguished of American sections, to New England and the lands of her making—the next of age, the most powerful, the most fruitful, and the most pervasive in the history of the nation.

There was a time when the great republic, with whose making she had so much to do, I shall be pardoned for believing that in the light that will be upon her during the progress of her great destiny, the people of this section will renew some of her authority, her spiritual value and her right to the title of "Mother of States."

There have been times when it was difficult for the people of Massachusetts and the people of Virginia to think justly or to speak kindly, of each other, but there was a time when they could, and in the providence of God, that time has rolled around again. For three generations, the people of the South and the people of New England stood to each other and to the world as natural antagonists, encased in an endless struggle of warring ideas, born of different racial impulses, religious beliefs and economic tendencies.

You have all heard of the little Southern boy, once, until he was fourteen years old, thought that "dandydunk" was one word, and Kentucky breakfast was another. He was a little New England boy, whose mental image of the Southerner was the image of a swaggering, swaggering, swaggering Southerner, whose language was easy profanity, and whose morning meal consisted of a simple Kentucky breakfast—three eggs, a ham, and a bowl of tobacco.

Only the other day I heard two recent verses, which show crudely how long-lived and tough such old impressions are. One ran in this fashion:

"The Colonels."
Kentucky! Oh, Kentucky!
I love thy classic shades
Where the dark-eyed, winsome maids
Whose the mocking birds are singing.
Mid the roses newly born—
Where the corn is full of "colonels,"
And the "colonels" full of corn.
The other ran in this fashion:
Massachusetts! Oh, Massachusetts!
Land of the sacred cod,
Where the Adamites vote for Douglas,
And the Lodgees walk with God.
You will notice in the first verse the anti-southern, careless, back-handed suggestion, while in the second stanza you